

3 Die in Blaze Laid to Firebug

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WEATHER

Cloudy
and
Warmer

Monday

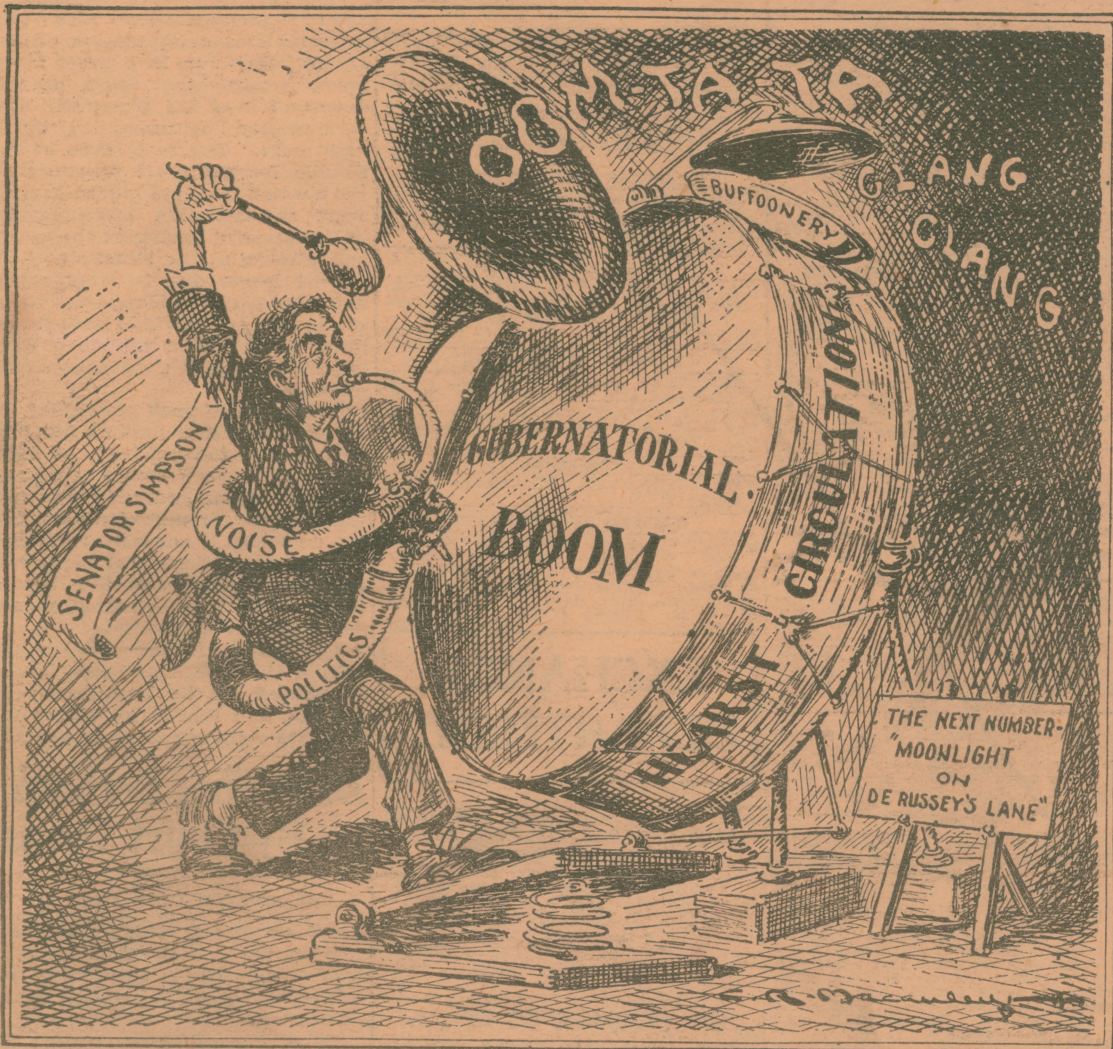
NEW YORK

November 29, 1926

EVENING GRAPHIC

Nothing
but the
Truth

A One Man Band



New Jersey's Duty

WHO killed Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills?

It is becoming perfectly evident that the present trial in Somerville will not answer that question. An American jury does not convict for murder on the testimony of a bootlegging army deserter and a pig farmer of wandering mind and dubious reputation supposedly dying of cancer. It does not convict on neighborhood gossip inflamed by a Hearst editor hungry for circulation.

Much money has been wasted on the present Hall-Mills trial. A house of cards has been built by a special prosecutor whose name has blazoned the press of the nation, and now this house of cards is toppling around his bushy head. All he has done is to convince the public that he should have been a partner of Belasco instead of conducting a murder trial. No greater poker player was ever born in New Jersey or any other state.

But what about the people whose reputations have been blasted, who have been accused of murder, who have been actually pictured in a Hearst newspaper as taking part in this horrible tragedy? What redress have they when the jury pronounces them innocent? They are still associated in the public mind with the crime—all because a newspaper wanted some circulation in the dull summer.

The state of New Jersey must not stop here. Its reputation for justice is at stake. When these people have been freed a real reward should be offered for the solution of this crime—even if it is only to make amends to those who were wrongly tried for this murder.

Mr. Simpson himself should be the one to make this suggestion.

Ups and Downs

AVIATION is a game of ups and downs. American aviation is having too many downs and not enough ups.

Every experience of recent months shows that there is vital need for our government to take steps to remedy that defect.

Not long ago our best naval planes were beaten by Italian planes.

More recently our naval planes on a "non-stop" flight to Panama were forced down at sea.

This is no reflection on our aviators.

American airmen are as good as the world's best. They are as brave, as sturdy, as resourceful men as ever risked life in flight.

What is needed for these men is PROPER EQUIPMENT. More planes, better planes. And more men are needed, too.

The next war—if war there will be—will be decided quickly and finally in favor of the POWER THAT CONTROLS THE AIR.

That warning is reverberating throughout the nation as a result of The GRAPHIC'S exposure of our inadequate aerial defenses.

Every citizen should get behind the demand for reform.

Write to your congressman and senator. The GRAPHIC will provide you with petitions to circulate among your friends.

If war comes you'll be called upon to FIGHT.

To prevent war from coming stop a minute to WRITE.

Great Thoughts of Great Men

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.—Jefferson.

Beware of Flattery

Flattery is the delight of the vain and conceited. There are few indeed who cannot be moved by flattery.

The devil is reported to have employed flattery in the Garden of Delight when he persuaded Eve to cut her wisdom teeth on the forbidden apple.

He is said to have used the same persuasive weapon when he attempted to lead Jesus away from the path of virtue.

The accomplished flatterer can usually ensnare his unwary victims by means of its powerful influence.

Most human beings like the taste of flattery.

They drink it as though it were the nectar of the gods.

Few things can spoil men, women and children quicker than flattery.

Many great and good men and women have been wrecked by it.

Many promising leaderships have been destroyed by flattery and excessive praise.

Too much praise puffs up a leader. He becomes egotistical.

He learns to believe all the sweet little nothings that his thoughtless admirers say of him and falls in love with his most estimable self.

Flattery is so agreeable and pleasing.

Human beings can bear abuse and unjust treatment and maintain their poise.

But few of them can withstand the corrupting influence of flattery.

People are inclined to look upon flattery as innocent.

They overlook the evil that lies in it. This evil is hidden, which makes it all the more dangerous.

The unprincipled employ flattery as a wedge to force themselves into the confidence of another.

Flattery is usually the outgrowth of selfishness.

It is generally employed as a means of getting something.

The flatterer usually employs about as much of the "soft soap" as he considers best for his own interest.

Sweethearts spoil each other with flattery. Husbands and wives sometimes do the same.

Business men flatter their customers that they may sell them more goods.

They know that people will buy and pay well if only enough flattery accompanies the exchange.

The best salesmen are usually the best flatterers.

Clergymen flatter their congregations to secure large contributions, and to retain their good will.

Frequently we meet those who seem to feed and live on flattery.

They are miserable if they are not petted, praised and favored.

But flattery is a poor thing to live on. It does not afford real or lasting satisfaction.

Often we need intelligent criticism.

Our friends are often our worst enemies.

They praise us too much and do not kick us enough.

Their flattery prevents us from seeing ourselves as we truly are.

Our enemies, because they hold up our mistakes and shortcomings to us, often render us the greatest service.

There are many who flatter themselves. Self-praise so blinds them to their real selves that they never see or recognize their faults.

Avoid flattering and being flattered.

Pennar Macfadden

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?

All letters to the Editor must bear names and addresses or will not be published.

VALENTINO'S DIARY

To the Editor of The GRAPHIC:—

The most interesting thing in your paper for the past months was the diary of Rudy. It cer-

tainly is a shame that there ever was an end to it.

MISS HELEN BOWEN,
Paterson, N. J.

(Other letters on Page 14)